Numb. 89.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?

From Wednesday February 1, to Friday February 3, 1710.

Sophronia's Day.

THE pleasing View of so many dazling Heroigns, as have already taken Place in the Table of Immortality, gave me extream Delight, and made me sensible of the Advantage I possest in being a Woman, from whose bright Form even Worth itself seems to have borrow'd Lustre: Whatever is Great or Good takes a Thousand additional Graces from the Sex, and appears with augmented Beauty; for which apparent Reason the Antients to show us Virtue in all its Native Charms, represented it in the form of a Goddess. This short liv'd Joy carried me to a Consideration of Womankind in general, as they deserve Applause or Reproof at this present Hour, when soon the Motives of Vanity grew weak, and gave Place to those of Pity, whose prevailing Force broke like a Torrent in upon my Mind, and banish'd thence all Fond Idea's of Perfection. I was lost for a Moment in the confus'd Notion of heedless Youth, trifling with erring Desires and superficial Charms, 'till *Lesbia* struck my Memory with regular Concern, who is the Epitome of all.

Oh! Honour, frail as Life thy fellow Flower,
Cherish'd and Watch'd, and Humourously esteem'd,
Then worn for short Adornments of an Hour,
And is, when Lost, no more than Life redeem'd.

Lesbia has the best Husband with the worst Understanding, two Blessings, which, considering her Conduct, she can never enough Contemplate; but she being Ignorant and Ingrate, has not a Smile nor Wish but for *Lelius*, whose better Sense and worse Nature teaches him to despise and avoid her, not that he is an Enemy to Vice; he cou'd dispence with the Sin, but he dislikes the easy Conquest; he hates a Lazy Amour, where there is no difficulty to keep his Inclinations awake. Thus to his Caprice and not his Morality she owes her safety? Now who in their right Senses wou'd court Misfortune and pursue Infamy, who wou'd be Industrious to be Miserable, by flying from the faithful Tenderness of an Indulgent Husband, to the Insults of a Scornful Victor. Mistaken *Lesbia*, are you tir'd with Happiness, or Sick of Prosperity, that thus you seek Reproach and Pain; 'tis not Love but Affectation that misleads you. If you examine your Heart, you'll find it utterly Incapable of that Noble Passion: All that *Lelius* can inspire or you imagine, is quite of another Nature, read this and be advis'd; gaze your Eyes at the *Opera*, and your Conversation at Home, and Silence the Voice of Scandal, which is busy with your Reputation: Regard your Husband's Affection, and your Lovers Indifferency, and let Impartial Reason judge between them: Take Example by *Delia*, who lov'd indeed, not Counterfeited Flames she never felt; she was not so Ignorant to chuse a guilty Folly for an Amusement, or believe herself piqued to aim at a Heart for which many had sigh'd in vain, that she might distinguish herself by the Force of her Eyes: She took all that Care to hide hers which you do to publish your Sentiments. She was Unmarried, and flatter'd with a Thousand Protestations of Love and Truth, which the first Day she had cause to suspect she retir'd into her Closet, and revolv'd within herself how to avoid the Shame and surmount the Weakness of Ill-placed Love; and after some Debate where Rage, Remorse, Tenderness and Disdain, by turns varied her Distress, She came at last to this Generous Resolution, which I have obtained a Copy of, and shall take the Liberty to insert, hoping it may inspire you to imitate, that have Ten Thousand stronger Reasons to oblige you to a timely Retreat, and nothing but the Spleen to oppose your Duty.

Since 'tis in vain to seek for Rest,
Whilst Love has any Harbour here,
I'll tear the Mischief from my Breast,
And break the Yoak I cannot bear.
Reason her Native Empire shall regain,
And uncontroul'd her Sacred Rites maintain.

Hence empty Hopes and restless Fears,
Desires ungovern'd as the Wind,
With all the Train of Amorous Cares,
That ever haunts the Love-sick Mind.
Bravely I'll Triumph o're the Vanquish'd Flame
And end at once my Torture and my Shame.

Long have I wish'd this happy Hour,
Restor'd to soft Content agen,
Arm'd well against the barbarous Power,
Of Faithless, Haughty, Treacherous Men:
Whose specious Arts serve only to betray,
And lead our Tender, Easy Hearts astray.

I cou'd Lament my Folly past,
But 'tis impertinent to Grieve,
And Sighs and Tears profusely waste,
For what our Sorrow can't Retrieve.
Since free from the long Slavery I bore,
My Chains shall never be remembred more.

'Tis a Melancholy Thought that no Age or Degree of Underſtanding can exempt us from the Danger of this exploded Error, but that from Fourteen to Fourſcore we muſt be upon our Guard, if we mean to be ſafe; 'tis the unhappy Foible of our Sex from the loweſt Invalid to the brighteſt Toaſt; from the groſſeſt Stupidity to the moſt Celebrated Wit, if not ſecur'd by a good Education, Virtuous Friends, and a watchful Reſervedneſs, all ſhare the Anxity with *Delia*, or expoſe themſelves by the Ridiculous Affectation of *Lesbia*; yet tho' the Cauſe be pretty near the ſame in all, *viz.* an over-weening Opinion of our own Perfections, which gives Credit to Flattery and a deſire of Sovereignty, which makes us careful to gain and preſerve the moſt deſpicable Adorer; yet the Choice of the Favourite Lover, and manner of expreſſing our ſelves, make a Whimſical and Infinite variety in Human Actions as well as Converſations. The very ſame Chagrin that makes *Delia* reſolve to quit the Town and withdraw to Privacy and Thought, ſo Books and Groves urges *Alinda* to appear firſt at all Publick Places, that ſhe may miſs of no opportunity to diſcover who 'tis her Inconſtant has prefer'd before her: That Zeal to pleaſe, which diſplays itſelf in *Lesbia*'s Exactneſs, the low pin'd Handkerchief half way down the Back, the happily fancy'd *Bordure* of her Headcloths, and the Comely Farthingall lurks under *Cloe*'s Negligence; the tumbled Pinners, the careleſs Tye, and the Artleſs Pleats of her *Marlborough* Gown. *Gloriana* by reading has form'd to her ſelf an *Oroondates*, and believes Wandring in a Wood, climbing up a Craggy-Rock, or leaning over a Spring, the ſweeteſt Enjoyments of Time; whether ſhe Praiſe or Rail, fondle her Monkey, or Quarrel with her Maids, 'tis all in Blank Verſe, and the firſt Languiſhing Admirer that Approaches with a ſoft Voice and Judicious Cadence, and ſpeaks of murmuring Rivulets, Warbling Choiriſters of the Air, Radient Charms, and ineſtimable Favours, may from that Minute become the darling Object of her vow'd Affections. Now this wou'd be *Arabick* to Mrs. *Lettuce-blowze* at *Shadwel*, yet ſhe's in Love too, or at leaſt has an Inſtinct for *Swill*. But ſhe deſires her Suitor may Drink fair and ſpeak plain, a Can of Flip, a Sea Song, and a Roguiſh Tale hits her Taſte, and ſhe believes no Pleaſures beyond them. Love in a weak Capacity and ſtrong Imagination, uſually explains itſelf by Fits, and requires large quantities of Cold Water to regulate the Blaze of Youth, and keep the Fire from exhauſting its Force and Fuel at once; but in the decline of Years 'tis generally obſerv'd to call for Cold Tea, to feed the expiring Lamp of Life and Love. 'Tis ſtrange, that ſo different Effects ſhou'd flow from the ſame Original Mrs. *Clumſey*, it has refin'd to a Polite Coquet, and Mrs *Simper* it has Metamorphos'd to the greateſt Romp in Nature. I have a Cozen among her Majeſty's Servants in the *Hay-Market*, that it has Converted to a Prude, and an Acquaintance near *Pewterers-Hall*, that plays at Cards on *Sundays* at the Command of that Tyrant; but 'tis endleſs to enumerate Examples of this kind in favour of my Sex; I'll ſay no more, but conclude with an Obſervation an Ingenious Critick made of that Inimitable Player Mrs. *Barry*; That as her Perfections were ever New and Charming, ſo her very Miſtakes had ſomething in them which prejudic'd us in their Favour, which I think very applicable to Womankind.

†‡† *The True, Famous and approved Coſmetick, being a Compoſition of Ingenuity, Truth and Modeſty, very admirable for both Sexes, and may be uſed conſtantly with great Safety: It takes away all Blemiſhes whatever, and renders Age and Deformity deſirable, Preſerving Youth and Beauty in an Eternal Bloom; it has been often and long experienced, and never fail'd, it gives a Luſtre that cannot Fade, and is the greateſt Secret of this kind; to be had Gratis of thoſe Three Worthy Siſters, Learning, Juſtice and Humility, of whoſe Abode, I hope none want to be Informed.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT the White Swan on Snow Hill are Made and Sold, Vaſſes and all ſorts of Statues or Figures as big as the Life, and Flower Pots for Gardens, and any ſorts of Fountains and Figures to ſtand in them; and all Shapes for Water or any Figures for Bufetts, or any Heads for Birds or Beaſts, as Lions or Unicorns, &c. to ſtand over Doors, and any kind of ſuch ſort of things, may be had very reaſonably there.

THis preſent Day will be continued to be ſold by Auction, at the London Coffeehouſe near the Sun Tavern the back ſide of the Royal Exchange, a Collection of Original Pictures and Prints by the beſt Italian and Dutch Maſters; the Sale begins at 4 in the Afternoon, the Pictures are ready for View, and Catalogues delivered at the place of Sale.

Juſt publiſhed,

†‡† Europe a Slave unleſs England now break Her Chains: Diſcovering the Grand Deſigns of the French Popiſh Party in England for ſeveral Years laſt paſt. Sold by D. Leach, in Elliot's Court, in the Little Old Baily. Price 6 d.

Juſt publiſhed;

‡†‡ A Poem Inſcrib'd to General Idgoldsby, occaſioned by his going into Ireland, in the Year 1708. on the Glorious Succeſſes of Her Majeſty's Arms and Councils, &c. Sold by D. Leach in Elliot's Court, in the Little old Baily, price 6 d.

TRue Spectacles and Reading Glaſſes Improv'd to the greateſt Perfection; by the uſe of them, Young Perſons may preſerve their Sight to the greateſt Age, only uſing them by Candle Light, and when their Eyes are weary, theſe from the Cryſtaline clearneſs of the Glaſs and truth of the Work, aſſiſt the weakeſt Eyes without the leaſt damage to the Sight, ſo much as to make the Uſer of them capable of doing the fineſt Work, and reading the ſmalleſt Print; whereas the common ſort, inſtead of Preſerving, are really Injurious to the Sight: Alſo Teleſcopes ſo curiouſly made, as to make Objects at the remoteſt diſtance appear very near, ſo near, that by the Aſſiſtance of one of them that is ſo contriv'd as to be carried in the Pocket; you may ſee what a Clock it is at 2 or 3 miles diſtance, by ſuch a Dial as St Paul's or St James's, and all other Objects though at 20 or 30 miles diſtance proportionably, they being very little inferior, but much more convenient and uſeful than the beſt of them that ever was, or can be made of 4 Foot long; theſe with all ſorts of Perſpective Glaſſes, and abundance of other Curioſities, are Made and Sold by G. Wildey and T. Brandreth, at the Archimedes and Globe, next the Dog Tavern in Ludgate-ſtreet, a Pair of large Globes being on the Poſts before the Door.

‡ Stories Moral and Comical, viz. 1ſt. The Banquet of the Gods. 2d. Titus and Giſſippus, or the Power of Friendſhip. 3d. The Prudent Husband, or Cuckoldom wittily prevented. Loyalty's Glory, or the True Soldier of Honour. From Hints out of the Italian, Spaniſh and French Authors; done into Engliſh Verſe and Proſe, with large Addtions and Embelliſhments. By T. Durfey Gent. Sold by E. Curl at the Dial and Bible in Fleet ſtreet.

‡ The Hiſtory of the Imperial and Royal Families of Auſtria and Bourbon, traced down from their Original to this preſent Time. With an Account of their Riſe, Advancement and Decay; their Differences, Wars and Quarrels; their Treaties, Alliances and Marriages; all the Conſiderable Incidents and Alterations that have happen'd to either; with a View of the preſent State of their Controverſies and Affairs, and of their ſeveral Pretentions to the Crown of Spain. by an Imparial Haud. Printed for Iſaac Cleave near Serjeants Inn Gate in hancery-Lane.

‡ The Charitable Surgeon: Or, the beſt Remedies for the worſt Maladies, reveal'd; altogether without Mercury, and wholly new in Method and Practice, wherein both Sexes may with privacy and ſmall Charge without any other Advice, or being expoſed to Quacks, cure themſelves of thoſe Diſtempers, which, (if neglected are dangerous as well as Ignominious. By T. C. Surgeon. Sold by E. Curl Bookſeller, removed to the Dial and Bible againſt St Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet Price 1 s.

THE Royal Chymical Waſh-Ball for the Hands and Face, Six Years experienced and daily commended by all that uſe them, and that for making the Skin ſo delicately ſoft and ſmooth, as not to be parall'd by either Waſh, Powder, Coſmetick, &c. it being indeed a real Beautifyer of the Skin, by taking off all Deformities, as Tetters, Ring-Worms, Morphew Sun-Burn, Scurf, Pimples, Pits or Redneſs of the Small-Pox, &c. keeping it of a laſting and extream Whiteneſs, it ſoon alters Red or Rough Hands; and is admirable in Shaving the Head, which not only gives a more exquiſite ſharpneſs to the Razor, but ſo comforts the Brain and Nerves, as to prevent catching Cold; and is of a grateful and pleaſant Scent, without the leaſt Grain of Mercury. Is ſold only by Mr Allnut, Glover, the Corner of Pope's Head Alley againſt the Royal Exchange, and at Mrs Giles's, Milliner and Toyſhop next Hercules Pillar Alley, by the Temple, at 1s. each, with printed Directions at large, and to prevent Counterfeits, is ſold no where elſe.